

10 Worst Things That Could Happen On A Birthday

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10 Worst Things That Could Happen On A Birthday

****Title: ****The 10 Worst Things That Could Happen On A Birthday

****Summary: ****Grif completely forgot.

****Rating: ****PG - 13(Language, Sexual References)

****Pairings: ****Grif/Simmons

****Notes: ****I have officially threw out that "warning" line on these things. It has been replaced by "pairings," because pairings shouldn't be warned. They should be obsessed over by fangirls who can't help themselves.

****1.) Having To Wake Up.****

Grif slowly opened his eyes with a scowl on his face. There were two things that could always wake him up, and they happened to be working together that morning. First of all, Donut was making pancakes (he could smell them). Secondly, Simmons was getting up.

"Lay back down," Grif murmured sleepily. "It's cold."

Simmons chuckled, but continued getting dressed. "See you at breakfast," he said a few seconds later, giving the half-asleep Grif a peck on the lips.

Once he heard the door click shut after Simmons left, Grif groaned loudly and threw his pillow at the door before sitting up and throwing his legs over the side of the bed. "Damn it, Simmons," he growled.

****2.) Being Denied Pancake Goodness.****

Grif was about to drool. He would admit it to anyone who asked. A whole stack of pancakes, at least eight to ten of them, butter and syrup topping it, just for him. The stack looked like it came straight from a commercial or an ad or something.

Something he'd brag about to anyone: Donut's good cooking. Martha Stewart had nothing on him.

"Donut," he said, sitting down at the table and picking up a fork, "I swear to God, man, if these taste as good as they look -"

"Grif?" Donut interrupted. "What are you doing? Those aren't for you."

It was at that point that Grif wanted to kill something. "Who're they for?" He managed to ask without tearing at his hair in desperation. If he knew whose they were, he could try and get a few...

"Simmons," the younger recruit chirped. "It's his birthday, remember?"

****3.) Completely Forget Your Boyfriend's Birthday.****

Grif blinked and was speechless for a moment. "Oh...yeah... Course I remember, Donut. I just thought, you know, you'd get him a normal present instead of...pancakes..." He murmured quietly. Donut gave him a blank look. "I'm gonna...go...finish wrapping my present..."

Quickly, Grif retreated from the kitchen and back into his room, where he immediately began to dig around for something Simmons would like.

****4.) Fail In Your Searching.****

"Oh crap," Grif murmured, repeating the word several times were running his hands through his hair in a nervous fashion. "What am I going to do?"

Out of all of the things in his room, Grif had come up with only a few items that would even slightly interest Simmons. Half of a can of motor oil that had once belonged to Lopez, some old books (Grif didn't know whose they were), and a copy of Pirates of the Caribbean 2. The DVD might've actually been a good gift if it hadn't been so scratched up...and if they actually had a DVD player.

"Cra-ap," Grif moaned, knowing he was completely screwed.

****5.) Having To Ask The Enemy For Help.****

Secretly, stealthily, and with speed he didn't even realize he had, Grif stole out of the base and across the canyon. It was only after he reached the Blue base that he realized that he had forgotten his armor, gun, and common sense back in his room.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" The light blue armored guy asked the moment Grif leaned against the base to catch his breath.

"I...need...some...help..." He panted.
"Forgot...present...Simmons..."

****6.) Being Denied Said Help.****

The teal one walked up to Grif and looked at him. "Well, what do you want us to do about it?" He asked.

"Wait, you actually understood that?" Church asked.

"Dude, you lock yourself up in your room all day, and that means I have to babysit Caboose. Of course I understood that," Tucker replied.

Standing up straight, Grif looked at the two. "Come on, guys," he said, "All I'm asking for is a little motor oil or something, okay?"

"Why should we help you?" Church asked. "What's in it for us?"

"It's not like we care what goes on in your base," Tucker added.

****7.) Having To Give Up Birthday Cake.****

Grif thought about it. "I'll give you some birthday cake," he said.

"Fuck that, dude. Pie's so much better," Tucker replied.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Tucker? Cake, hands down," the ghost argued before turning to Grif and saying, "We'll do it."

Grif smiled. Maybe he wasn't completely screwed.

****8.) Getting Caught & All For Nothing.****

"What the hell is this?" Simmons asked, picking up the can out of its crude newspaper wrapping.

"Motor oil," Grif replied, "Since, you know, you're a cyborg and stuff, I thought-"

"This is for treads," Simmons interrupted. "For a tank. I can't use this."

Sarge raised an eyebrow. "Son, where the hell did you get oil for a tank?" He asked.

Donut made a low noise, meaning the equivalent of, "You are so busted."

The sad part was that Grif agreed.

****9.) Having To Actually Do Work.****

Simmons was sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of him, grinning like the Cheshire Cat off of Alice In Wonderland. "Fifty three, fifty four, fifty five...come on, Grif, keep 'em coming," he

ordered lightly.

"You're just loving this, aren't you?" Grif asked, continuing his slow pace of some very difficult pushups.

"More than you know," Simmons replied, his grin turning something from amusement to...

Grif stopped his pushups and propped himself up with his elbows. "Now, Simmons, that'd be breaking an order," he reprimanded teasingly. "We wouldn't want to ruin that kiss-ass reputation of yours, now would we?"

"Shut up and get over here," Simmons murmured, pulling Grif to his level and claimed the blonde's lips with his own. Grif made no objections.

****10.) Fall Asleep First.****

Sweat covered and glowing, Grif beamed at the red head beside him as they both laid down. "Well, that was...interesting," he said jokingly.

"That's one way of putting it," Simmons agreed, a content grin on his own face.

"Happy birthday, man," Grif murmured, giving him one last kiss before falling asleep, his head on Simmons' chest.

"Isn't it?" Simmons asked no one in particular before following Grif's suit and falling asleep. Tomorrow morning, he was definitely staying in bed.

End
file.